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The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,
Perkiomen Valley

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Providence Independent

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Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly
opposite Masonic Hall.

M. V. WEBER, M. D.,

Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA. Office Hours:—Until 9
a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Office Hours:—Until
9 a. m.; 8 to 8 p. m.

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Practising Physician,
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Office Hours until 9 a. m.

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always on hand.

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OFFICES:—1224 North 10th St., & 2816 German-
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a specialty. Estimates furnished.

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slate, slate flagging and roofing felt. All
orders promptly attended to. Also on
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Send for estimates and prices.

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This old and popular hotel still furnishes the
best accommodations for man and beast. The
bar always supplied with the best liquors and
cigars. Rates: \$1.50 per day; from \$4.50 to \$6
per week.
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COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL. Rag carpet woven
in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Good rag carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

DANIEL H. BUCKWALTER,

Carpet Weaver,
ONE MILE WEST OF TRAPPE (at the res-
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in any style desired at reasonable prices. Favor
me with your orders.
31decem

MAGGIE MACGREGOR,

Dressmaker,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Will take work at home
or can be engaged by the week.

MRS. S. L. PUGH,

TRAPPE, PA. Attends to laying out the
dead, shroud-making, etc.

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Dealer in Milk, Butter, Eggs and Vegetables.
Visits Trappe, Collegeville and vicinity every
morning. No pains spared to give patrons
satisfaction.

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ARTIST!
COLLEGEVILLE,
PENNA.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c.
Ladies' Bang Cutting a Specialty. The
best establishment in town.
1st Parlor Opposite Post Office.

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Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor.
RAZORS PUT IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER.
Opp. Gristock & Vanderslice's.

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SCHWENKSVILLE, PA.
(Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.)
All Diseases of Horses and of Other
Domesticated Animals Carefully
Treated.

SPECIALTIES: DENTISTRY
AND SURGERY.

AMBITIOUS MARGARET.

BY JENNY FAIRMAN SMITH.

The great thing in this world is not so
much where we stand as in what
direction we are moving—but we must
not drift, nor lie at anchor.

All the Mr. Machines and Miss
Machines who are a necessary part of
the daily grind of a busy city office
were hard at work.

There was the pale, pleasant-faced
bookkeeper, whose shoulders were
stooped from daily bending over
ledgers. Next to him sat the cashier,
wiping his gold-rimmed glasses with a
quick nervous motion before he ran
over a bundle of checks with lightning
rapidity and plucked out the one he
sought.

The secretary's pen scratched away
as he signed the mass of letters.

The group of "lady" stenographers,
thick and thin, long and short, sat at
their machines in one corner mechan-
ically clicking out the hundreds of
letters.

The clerks who did "billing" (not
cooing) were working away.

Hugo, the office boy, whose legs
were a daily example of the possibility
of a perpetual motion machine, flew
hither and yon, obeying the quick,
sharp calls from every desk.

The red-haired, stalwart, Yorkshire
man who was entry clerk and invari-
ably replied when told to do this or
that: "Yis sur, straight awah, sur,"
was "reading off" the orders to his
"curate," as he wittily dubbed the
younger entry clerk. Their voices
sounded like a monotonous chant.

Moses, the colored janitor, sat at a
long table looking as wise as an owl
in his big brass-bowed spectacles,
stamping the snowbank of letters on
the table before him.

Into all this rush and hurry of
money getting quietly walked a beauti-
ful young girl, glancing nervously at
the office clock as she took her seat at
a desk five minutes late.

From his desk across the office the
sharp-eyed general manager's glance
followed hers to the clock. The red-
haired Yorkshireman stole an admiring
glance at the girl, then dropping his
eyes bashfully went on with his chant.

The girl bent her pretty head over
her work as she tried to make up for
lost time. Lost time was accurately
counted by the general manager.

She did not seem to be a part of the
office machinery. Surely there was
little in common between her and the
typical office machine, an expert at
figuring, whose desk was next to hers.
His one ambition in life had already
been reached. He had climbed as
high as an office stool, where he sat
proudly, with dangling legs, bending
contentedly over his papers covered
with figures and lines, a red penholder
for red ink above one ear and a black
penholder for black ink above the
other.

He spoke of "ouh office" and "ouh
Mistah White" and "ouh Mistah
Brown." He also knew how to turn a
certain set ring around on his white
hand so that the set would show to
advantage.

The young girl next to him had not-
iced that he only talked figures. She
sometimes wondered when he laid
down his red penholder and black one
with clock like regularity each day,
when twelve was the figure at which
the clock pointed, to go to lunch, if he
did not eat these small crackers out
into ones, twos, threes and fours.

Her active imagination saw his

stomach and head both lined with
nothing but figures.

As the busy day wore on, into the
rush and noise of business there came
the sound of music from the Auditor-
ium, across the way. Some one was
practicing a vocal lesson. In an in-
stant one pen in the office stopped
traveling. The pretty face of the
young girl next to the ambitious fel-
low on the stool was turned wistfully
and dreamily toward the window.
She rested the end of the penholder
against her lips as she listened, absorb-
ed, following the voice in its wander-
ings among the thrills. "She flatted
there." Unconsciously the girl spoke
aloud.

"I beg pardon, did you speak to
me, Miss Quivey?"

"No, oh, no—I was just thinking
aloud," replied the musical voice.
Then she bent again to the work be-
fore her.

"Thinking!" Mr. Groovelet—the
machine—looked at her in a puzzled,
commiserating sort of way, as he care-
fully dipped his red penholder into the
red ink and returned to his figuring.

At last the clock's long finger point-
ed downward to six and the short
finger hurried along and posed between
the V and VI. The scene changed.
Down went the pens! The clicking of
the typewriters ceased. Machinery
and machines all stopped.

Quietly, Miss Quivey walked into the
ladies' toilet room, where the group
of stenographers were noisily talking
"shop"—wondering who would get
the next "raise" and if "his royal nibs"
would give them a vacashe.

Out and away from it all walked the
young girl, humming as she hurried
down the street to the doorway marked
"Entrance to the Elevated." Up the
stairs she ran, running a scale at
the same time in a low, sweet, under-
tone, each step a tone to her music-
loving fancy. She was soon in the
train. On, on, on whizzed the elevated,
down alleys and past the back win-
dows of houses of all sorts and con-
ditions. On, on to where it was stiller
and rents were cheaper.

At last our pretty little music-box
left the elevated and, walking quickly
down a street, was soon climbing
more stairs in a "flat" building. Up,
up she went, not humming now, but
going softly down the hall and into a
room at the end.

Margaret Quivey was Scotch-Irish-
American. Born of a musical family
on both sides small wonder that her
soul vibrated to all melody. Her
mother had sung always, it seemed to
Margaret, with the ease of a bird.
The father had been an organist in
their home town and a musical com-
poser. He had recognized Margaret's
gift and always called her his little
music-box. He died without the
means to show his precious little
music-box how to use her gift.

After the father's death, Margaret
and the mother turned their faces to-
ward Chicago.

The mother gave piano lessons at
the conservatory, but overwork caused
nervous prostration, and it now be-
came Margaret's duty to care for the
mother. They struggled on together
One of the professors at the conserva-
tory had heard Margaret sing and
said: "Go to Costello, the tenor."

So Margaret went daily to the office
to help her on her way to Costello.
How she struggled! How much the
lessons of all sorts cost her! A
wealthy colored family lived some
blocks away. Margaret gave their
little boy singing lessons in the early
mornings before she went to the office.
She practiced nights, her mother
playing her accompaniments.

Lately an advertisement had appear-
ed in one of the leading dailies.
"Wanted: A position as soloist in a
church choir; a soprano voice sweet
and sympathetic."

Margaret's teacher told her she had
climbed to the point where she was
worth twenty-five dollars a Sunday, so
he had written the advertisement for
her. Day after day passed and no an-
swer came.

The night on which Margaret had
come back from the day's weary grind
at the office, her mother held up a let-
ter with a smile, saying: "Perhaps it
is good news, daughter, for it looks
like Ferdinand Costello's writing."

It was good news, for it said:
"Come to my rooms at your lunch
hour to-morrow and sing for Rev. J.
C. Gilbert and the musical committee
of his church. If you suit them, the
position of soloist in their choir will
be yours. I remain,
Yours respectfully,
"FERDINAND COSTELLO."

She went. The pastor was a music
lover and music connoisseur. She
sang. The last sweet sound died away,
and there was a stillness in the room
broken at last by the low-toned voices
of the committee and the pastor.

It seemed an age to the ambitious
little singer leaning against the piano
before the minister took her hand in
his and said:

"We feel that your voice will be a

power for good among our people.
We want you."

So Margaret took one step up.
There was a little ripple of excite-
ment the next day at the office when
Miss Quivey walked up to the general
manager's desk and told him she was
about to leave.

Mr. Groovelet looked after her won-
deringly as she walked out of that
most wonderful of places, "ouh office."
The years marched steadily on.
Toiling, studious, climbing, struggling
years to Margaret. It was up hill all
the way to the singer.

Wider experience and a broader cul-
ture were now hers.

The mother in the invalid chair had
journeyed by her side through these
years of study abroad. Costello the
tenor had advised and directed and
never lost sight of her.

Then came dark days when the
mother seemed to be slipping away
before Margaret's dream was realized.
When those days were past, there
came one never-to-be-forgotten time
when through nervous strain and anx-
iety the little music-box suddenly be-
came mute. She sat at the piano,
with her head bowed in her hands,
realizing how precious her gift was to
her and how slight was her hold upon
it.

This could pass away and people
who heard Margaret sing in those days
listened with tears in their eyes at the
touching pathos of the singer's voice.

At last, after years of trial and
struggle, years of careful training, the
musical star was to sing in Chicago,
the scene of early struggles.

Thanksgiving eve was the night.
The Auditorium was a blaze of light
and life.

Outside there was the long proces-
sion of carriages blocking Congress
street and Michigan avenue. Inside
there were the throngs of people,
many beautiful women and beautiful
toilettes. "A brilliant audience," some
one remarked.

Behind the scenes apart from the
rest stood a group of three. The
nervous, gray-haired man was Costello,
the famous tenor. There was the pale-
faced lady in the invalid's chair whose
wonderful love had sustained the
singer. Beside her stood the beauti-
ful woman who was about to try to
sing her way into the hearts of the
people waiting.

Margaret stood holding her mother's
hand in hers thinking of many things.
Then, with one last pressure of her
mother's hands, the singer glided for-
ward and faced the sea of untuned
faces.

From the first tremulous notes
through all to the hush that fell upon
the audience as they leaned forward
forgetting that the singer had ceased,
the mother, leaning forward in her
chair with tightly clasped hands and
lips apart, breathlessly followed each
curve and bend of that dearly familiar
voice, knowing that her child's purity
of life, her trials and her joys had all
helped to give her this power over her
audience.

A wave of sound floated to them—
that thrilling sound of the clapping
of thousands of hands.

Away from it the singer turned
toward the figure in the invalid chair.
As the audience slowly wound its
way out, commenting upon and prais-
ing the singer, a narrow-chested man
with a set ring on a slightly wrinkled
right hand remarked to his companion
as he lighted a cigarette on the pave-
ment: "By Jove! that singer looked
like a little girl who used to be in ouh
office years ago. I'n suah ouh Mistah
Brown would say so."

At last all was over. In the gray of
the early morning the coach containing
the singer and her mother rolled away
from the Auditorium.

They were both silent, busy with
their thoughts, for their return to Chi-
cago had revived many memories of
former struggles.

At last the mother said: "Daughter,
do you know this is the commence-
ment of Thanksgiving day? How much
we both have for which to give thanks
to-day and always, haven't we?"

As Margaret did not reply, her
mother laid her hand on her arm and
said, gently: "I know how thankful
you are that your ambitious dream
has come true, but the thought often
comes to me, my child, are you
happy?"

And Margaret answered, thoughtfully:
"Yes, there is much for which I
am truly thankful. The world says I
can sing to them, and you have been
spared to listen, to love the singer.
If there are shadows in the picture,
they are cast perhaps by the musical
hearts yet unclimbed."

"Is your music-box happy? I wonder
if she is! With such a mother and a
successful music-box in her throat she
ought to be, gifted creature!"

"And yet you know, mother mine:
'If none were sick and none were sad,
what service could we render?' I think,
so should you, 'if we were always
glad we scarcely could be tender.'"

Then they were silent.

In a few minutes Margaret began

to laugh (and to hear Margaret laugh
was a pleasant thing.) She said:
"Now, mamma you know you object
to a musical husband. Well, I don't
know but I do myself. Often they
are not promising, I admit."

"A real musician with brains, one
who thinks thoughts, who has a tem-
perament, is of this world, yet hears
unheard melodies, etc., etc. Is that
it? Do you imagine that's the sort of
a son-in-law to make your daughter
happy? Well, since so many good
things have come our way let us be
thankful for them. If you are longing
for a musical son-in-law doubtless he
will come singing along the road that
leads to to-morrow or some day."

"Now, there's Bruno Oscar, the fa-
mous"—added Margaret, teasingly.

But the rest, after the mother's pro-
testing "Oh, Margaret!" was lost as
the door closed behind them.

The Slave's Vengeance.

The night was a sultry one in mid-
summer. Every guest had departed
from the Vioja bungalow, whence they
had come to the wedding fete of Noy-
ola, daughter of one of the wealthiest
planters in the West Indies; and now
down the long avenue of oleander and
orange trees went Kabha, a slave boy,
extinguishing the lights that softly
starred the foliage, giving to the scene
a look of fairyland.

As he turned toward the vista of
flowering exotics flanking a marble-
paved corridor on the east side of the
pretty bungalow, he could see a bril-
liant flood of light streaming from the
windows of the bridal chamber, which
were open, the night being warm al-
most to suffocation. A strange gut-
teral sound burst from him, and he
shook as with a sudden chill as he
passed behind the shrubbery to gaze
unobserved upon the picture presented
within one of the deep casements.

Upon a divan reclined a young girl
enveloped in her bridal robes, the dead
whiteness of which contrasted strongly
with her black hair, clear olive skin
and glorious dark eyes. At her feet,
in an attitude of rapt devotion, knelt a
fair-haired man with a noble cast of
features, whose voice held an ineffably
caressing accent as he said:

"Noyola, my little wife! Mine now,
forever!"

He took one of her unresisting hands
and covered it with kisses, then hurried
his face in the folds of her dress in an
abandonment of happiness.

Noyola, bending her head until her
black tresses mingled with the gold,
touched his forehead with her lips.

"Ah, my love," she whispered,
"would I could tell you all that is in
my heart! There is a weight of joy
there that is almost pain, yet I can
find no expression in words. Chauncy,"
she added with a sudden moisture in
her eyes, "you may some day grow
weary of me because I am unlike the
women you have been accustomed to.
I am not eloquent. I—"

He closed her lips with his own.
"My darling," he said, holding her
close to his heart, "when I compare
you with the worldly creatures of
whom you speak, it is then that I love
you most; near them, you are like the
dove beside the falcon. Oh!"

He started, putting Noyola from his
embrace with such violence that she
uttered an alarmed cry.

"What is it, Chauncy," she asked.
"Something struck me." And as he
spoke, the young husband brushed his
hand over his cheek. "See, Noyola,
I am wounded."

"Yes, there is blood," said Noyola,
looking with anxious eyes upon the
red stain. The next instant she sprang
from the divan. "Oh, Chauncy," she
cried, pointing toward the alcove.
"There is a vampire bat. It must have
been that which wounded you. It is
an evil omen! See—now it has gone!
Oh, I fear our happiness may go as
soon!"

"My darling," Chauncy said, taking
her in his arms, "you must not be su-
perstitious. We are married now, and
can defy evil omens. Eli, my pet?"
She strove to answer him confidently,
but the obtrusive tears would come to
check her utterances; these, however,
were soon dried, and she was able to
lift a smiling face to his again.

Little did either of them guess that
outside, beyond the marble corridor,
and concealed in the foliage of a
trumpet vine, crouched the slave boy,
Kabha, who had caught the vampire
and thrown it toward his mistress's
chamber. He had laughed to see the
creature fly obediently through the
window, and was scarcely able to re-
press his wicked mirth at the success
of his plot to frighten the beautiful
Noyola, whom long he loved with a
devotion that had turned into jealous
hate when he saw the handsome Eng-
lishman kiss his bride at the altar that
night. Nothing was now too evil for
Kabha to contemplate.

"To the swamps!" he whispered.
"To the swamps, to find a serpent for
the throat of my hated rival as he
sleeps! In the morning the beautiful
Noyola will gaze upon the dead face

of her husband and lover."

The next moment Kabha had left
the corridor and was running swiftly
in the direction of the swamp, the
moonlight showing him the way so
plainly over the coffee plantation that
he made not a single halt until he had
reached the fateful acre which gleamed
white with phosphorescent vapors.

* * * * *

The moon had sunk behind the dis-
tant hills, and the chamber was wrap-
ped in darkness. Noyola arose from her
couch to close one of the windows, for
the early morning air was growing
chill. As she stepped across the soft
rugs which covered the floor, her feet
slipped noiselessly upon them, she
came suddenly in contact with some
clumsy object. She stooped to ascer-
tain what it was, and her hand fell di-
rectly on a woolly head.

"A slave—and in my private cham-
ber!" she cried, trying to suppress her
terror at the remarkable occurrence.
"Who are you, and why do you not
speak?"

But Kabha made no answer—dared
not betray himself. Could he not in
some manner evade his mistress with-
out revealing his identity? The dark-
ness which engulfed every object in
the room seemed to favor him, and
with a sudden movement he slipped
from her grasp.

Another moment, and the silence
was rent by a terrible shriek which
penetrated to every quarter of the
bungalow, rousing all from sleep. Ere
Chauncy realized what had happened
the room was filled with servants bear-
ing lights, when a terrible scene was
revealed. Kabha, writhing upon the
floor in the agonies of a death too hor-
rible to describe. About his bare arm
was coiled the serpent, which had es-
caped from bondage only to inflict
upon the slave its fatal sting, leaving
Chauncy Beverly to live for the happi-
ness of his beautiful Creole bride.—
Ada L. Halstead.

Found After Two Years.

A POCKETBOOK WHICH WAS RECOVERED
THROUGH A LOST COLLAR BUTTON.

A lady who has been staying in Al-
bany was returning to her home in
Philadelphia by way of the Hudson
river and New York. After spending
a night on the boat her pocketbook,
which contained her ticket and all her
money, was missing. She was quite
sure that it was in her pocket when
she went to her state room at night;
but in the morning the most minute
search of the room and her clothing
failed to bring it to light. A fellow
passenger loaned her sufficient money
for her ticket to Philadelphia, and
once at home the loss of the pocket-
book quickly passed from her memory.

Two years afterward, when again in Al-
bany, she was summoned one day to
the drawing-room to speak to an un-
known gentleman who had something
important to communicate to her. The
something important proved to be the
old lost pocketbook, which the gentle-
man had just found on a Hudson
river boat, and which—having in it
the lady's name with an Albany ad-
dress—had no difficulty in taking
directly to her. The account which
he gave the Home Journal of the dis-
covery was most amusing. While
dressing his collar button had slipped
from his hand and, with the total de-
pravity characteristic of collar but-
tons and other inanimate things, had
rolled to the least accessible corner of
the stateroom. In the course of his
search for it he had opened wide the
half-closed door of the stationary
washstand and there, in a corner, cov-
ered with dust and mold, was the pocket-
book, which must have lain in that
exact position for two whole years.

How LONG IT WOULD TAKE TO GET TO SOME
STARS.

Home Flashes and Sparks From Abroad.

—Thanksgiving Day, to-day!

—If you have no other reason to feel thankful, feel thankful that you are still here.

—For you might be elsewhere and much worse off!

—There has been considerable talk among local Democrats about celebrating Cleveland's victory. Several dates have been fixed and changed, and now we learn that:

—The racket has been booked for Wednesday evening, November 23, at Trappe. Let the eagles scream, and the Democrats rejoice!

—Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, December 1, 2, and 3.

—In Gross' Hall:

—The bazaar and oyster and poultry supper, under the auspices of the Collegeville Fire Company!

—Everybody come!

—The enterprise is assuredly worthy in every respect, and consequently deserves the patronage of all.

—I. P. Williams will sell 50 barrels of choice York State apples at public sale, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, next Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—Frederick Favinger, aged 71 years, a well known citizen of this section of Montgomery, died at his home in Mont Clare Wednesday night of last week.

—An epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever is raging in Schuylkill county. Several hundred cases of the former disease are reported with about fifty cases of scarlet fever.

—The most acceptable Christmas gift for the older folks is a pair of gold spectacles. Optician Kline of Spring City can supply you and guarantee every pair to give satisfaction or money refunded. With R. H. Kline, Jeweler, 66

—Engine 385, on the New York Division of the Reading and New Jersey Central Railroads, broke the world's record for one, two and five miles on last Friday night, making one mile in 37 seconds, two miles in 75 seconds, and five miles in 205 seconds.

—Wm. Johnson, the harness manufacturer at Providence Square, has just received a new assortment of blankets and robes.

—E. L. Markley, proprietor of the Grand Depot, Royersford, is giving to every purchaser of ten dollars worth of goods a fine three-quarter life size crayon portrait. This is a very liberal offer. See adver.

—Read the Thanksgiving story on the first page. The reading matter on the first page is always interesting.

—Last Thursday night the station house at this place was broken into by thieves. A lot of oysters were stolen.

—A petition for the appointment of Noah D. Frank as assistant assessor for the election district of Upper Hanover township has been filed in court.

—Jacob Trinley, the extensive fertilizer manufacturer and dealer in grain and feed, near Linfield, is making arrangements to erect a hay house 74 feet long by 38 feet wide.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in another column of R. H. Kline the "old reliable" jeweler of Spring City and of Frank Kline, the popular optician of the same place.

—It has been rumored for some time that Mr. John G. Keiffer, recently of the Evansburg Tannery, expects to build a large tannery at this place. We understand Mr. Shepard, of Perkiomen Bridge, has agreed to donate the land.

—H. H. Robinson, store merchant at Perkiomen Bridge, has received a lot of single and double harness which he will sell wholesale or retail.

—The next regular meeting of the Montgomery County Historical Society will be held in their rooms, at the Court House, Norristown, Thursday, Dec. 1, at 2 p. m. Papers of historical interest will be presented, and an invitation is extended to all interested to attend.

RELIGIOUS.

M. E. church, Evansburg. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m., every Sabbath. Preaching, 10:45 a. m., and every Sabbath evening at 7:30.

Episcopal service at St. James' Evansburg every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., Sunday School, 2 p. m. Also a service at Royersford at 7 p. m. Rev. A. J. Barrow, Rector.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The C. E. prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7 o'clock, Mrs. John H. Bartman leader. Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, preaching services. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Junior C. E. prayer service. In Trinity church, Skippackville, Sunday school at 11 o'clock, and regular church service at 2 o'clock.

Thanksgiving services at St. Luke's church, Trappe, to-day (Thursday) at 10 a. m. when Trinity Reformed congregation of Collegeville will unite in giving thanks with the people and pastor of St. Luke's. Sermon by Rev. J. H. Hendricks. Special music and decorations. All invited.

Preaching at St. Luke's Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Subject: Thanksgiving, at 7:15 p. m. Subject: A night on the sea. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:10. Mid-week lectures on practical subjects every Wednesday at 7:15. All welcome.

Augustus Lutheran church. Preaching next Sunday morning at Augustus Lutheran church at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Rehearsal of Christmas music by the Sunday school on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All scholars and teachers are urgently requested to come. The Christmas festival of Augustus Sunday school will be held on Christmas eve, Saturday, Dec. 24.

Meeting of teachers for Bible study on Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the parsonage.

A THUMB MUTILATED.

Ola Larsson, living with D. M. Casselberry, Evansburg, had his right thumb badly mangled in the wheels of a corn sheller, last Monday. Dr. M. Y. Weber attended the injury.

PELL FROM A SCAFFOLD.

One day last week A. K. Grimley, carpenter, of Norristown, who is known to quite a number of people in this section, had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, whereby he sustained a very painful bruise on his forehead.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Upper Providence Live Stock Insurance Association will be held at J. W. S. Gross' Collegeville hotel, on Monday, December 5. See notice in another column.

STORE GOODS IN A CORN FIELD.

Tuesday afternoon a lot of store goods were found in a shock of corn-fodder on the Zimmerman farm, near this place. It is presumed the goods were stolen before the fire from the store of McNoldy & Prizer, Schwenksville.

GAVE THE BOYS A SUPPER.

Sheriff-elect A. D. Simpson gave a supper to the members of the recent organization known as the A. D. Simpson Harrison and Reid Club of Upper Providence, at J. B. Smoyer's hotel, last Saturday evening. About one hundred persons replenished the inner man with the good things served.

THE ZIMMERMAN FARM SOLD.

We are informed that the Directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Phoenixville, have sold the Zimmerman farm, near this place, to Adam Mench of near Yorkville Station, for \$11,000. We congratulate Mr. Mench upon his purchase, believing as we do that he has purchased a very fine farm cheap enough.

RUNAWAY.

On Sunday Mr. Wallace Hoyer made his usual morning trip to Wagner's Spring Valley Creamery, Trappe. At the creamery his horse became frightened and escaped with the milk wagon and before the animal was recaptured the vehicle was considerably damaged. We are not informed as to whether Mr. Hoyer was injured or not.

A SPRAINED ELBOW.

Mr. B. F. Henry, blacksmith at Mr. Moore's shop on the other side of the bridge, was engaged shoeing a horse, Monday, when a sudden movement of the animal resulted in a painful injury to his right arm, the elbow of which was partially dislocated and badly sprained. Frank is compelled, as a consequence, to take a vacation.

SELF-DESTRUCTION.

Harry Coffin, formerly book keeper at the American Wood Paper Co., Spring City, who a short time ago went to Buena Vista, Va., as one of the firm of the Columbia Paper Co., has been in poor health, became despondent, and while temporarily insane shot himself while alone in the office at Buena Vista, on Wednesday morning of last week at 10:15 o'clock.

SCALDING ACCIDENT.

A scalding accident happened in Royersford last Saturday by David Isett, a three-year-old son of David Isett, was very seriously scalded. The little fellow was playing in the neighbor's yard where a bucket of hot water was standing, when he accidentally fell into the bucket backward. His entire back and the greater portion of his legs were so badly scalded that the skin peeled off. He is on a fair way to recovery.

CUPID'S VICTORIES.

On Thursday, Nov. 17, by Rev. John Flint, of Evansburg, M. E. church, at his residence in Spring City, Mr. Frank A. Ward, of Royersford, to Miss Mary Ella Bechtel, of Providence Square, Montgomery Co.

On Monday, Nov. 14, by Rev. W. H. Burrell, Mr. Walter L. George to Miss Katie L. Fetterolf, both of Collegeville, Pa.

THE PROHIBITION VOTE.

In this county, the Prohibition party polled enough votes on Congress and the Legislature to entitle it to recognition in the regular way. On county officers, however, the Prohibition vote falls below 409, which would be the figure required to come within the limit, three per cent. of the highest vote cast, and the third party must therefore choose its ticket by nomination papers.

A STORE ROBBED AT BELFRY.

Thieves visited Belfry station, along the Stony Creek Railroad Monday night, and successfully burglarized the store and residence of N. B. Moyer. They tried open the front door and ransacked the entire place. They entered the dining room afterwards and finding nothing of any value there, deliberately broke eggs over the carpet and furniture. The thieves left, taking about fifty dollars worth of boots, clothing and underwear with them.

A THIEF CAPTURED.

One evening last week, while J. A. Buckwalter and family, of Royersford, were viewing a large parade from the front of their residence a thief broke into the house from the rear and succeeded in stealing a silver pitcher and a storm overcoat. The thief, who proved to be Allen B. Keely, was subsequently captured by a detective in Philadelphia, just as he was leaving a car. Keely was sent back to Royersford, where he received a hearing and was committed to jail. The stolen goods were returned.

DIPHHERIA SPREADING.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22.—Despite the efforts of the health authorities to stamp out diphtheria by isolation, the victims of the disease continue to increase. At noon yesterday Health Officer Veale reported 37 new cases in 48 hours. Last week 167 cases and 62 deaths were returned, and within a year there have been 4176 cases and 1341 deaths.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertiser, Dr. King, and get a bottle free. Send your name and address to H. C. H. & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of our Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and you nothing. J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville.

SURPRISE PARTIES.

A surprise party was tendered Mr. Horace Rawn at his home, near Trappe, last Thursday evening.

Miss Laura Kraft was the central figure of a surprise party at her home in Evansburg last Friday evening. And a joyous event it was.

The same evening a number of Miss Katie Smith's friends of the lower ward tendered her a surprise party at her parents' home, the Collegeville Restaurant. The evening was spent in a very enjoyable manner in playing various games and music. A bounteous repast was served at the right time in the right way. The entire party were delighted with the enjoyments of the evening.

A BIG RADISH!

Yes, a big, red radish, bigger than the biggest radish heretofore on record! Ye quill pushers of the Potomac! Attention! The upper end of Montgomery and the whole of Berks county is challenged to equal the 2 1/2 pounds radish brought to this office Saturday by Mr. Isaac Stierly, whose land must be particularly adapted to the vigorous growth of the radish variety of vegetables. The specimen is surely a whopper. Mr. Stierly says it is a Cleveland but not altogether a straight-ticket Democratic radish, and from his remarks we infer that having started to develop about the time Cleveland was nominated the radish grew along rapidly in keeping with the Cleveland sentiment until its size became as unusual as the majority received by the successful candidate for President.

MR. GORDON HAS THE FLOOR.

Mr. W. C. Gordon, of this place, submits the following: To correct sensational and contradictory reports published in regard to the poisoning case of my children, I desire to state the facts. That they were poisoned there is no doubt. The attending physician pronounced it a severe case of poisoning, and only through his prompt and efficient treatment and the constant care night and day of those in attendance, were the lives of the children saved. What article of food contained the poisonous compound I do not know, only I am positive that they could not have gotten anything poisonous around the house. The fact that the other members of the family were affected in a similar though milder manner points strongly to the fact that it was in the food eaten at the table.

WM. C. GORDON.

ROBBERS AT YERKES AGAIN.

Friday night the vigorous barking of their faithful watch dog, within the building, aroused Mr. and Mrs. Gwilt of the Yerkes creamery. Mr. Gwilt quickly dressed and picked up his weapons of protection and warfare and raised a window. He saw a man standing at the pump and was about to fire when his wife, fearing the person before him might be a harmless neighbor, induced him not to do so. Soon after another man was seen passing round the building with a dark lantern. This was too much for the creamery proprietor and he was soon down stairs and out of doors with his shot gun. He followed them up to the railroad and as they departed he saluted them with two volleys from his fowling piece, aimed right at the vanishing figures. Mr. Gwilt thinks one of the thieves was struck by some of the shot.

The same night Mrs. John Gotwals, near Yerkes, was very much alarmed by the light from a dark lantern flashing into her bedroom from the direction of the barn. An alarm being given the thieves were again unsuccessful in carrying out their designs.

FIRE AT SCHWENKSVILLE.

THE LARGE STORE BUILDING OF MCNOLDY & PRIZER DESTROYED BY FIRE.

THE WORK OF THIEVES.

About 3 o'clock Tuesday morning the large store building of McNoldy & Prizer, at Schwenksville, was discovered to be on fire, the flames issuing from the store-room filled with goods. The persons first upon the ground found the front door and the door of the safe open. The latter was closed with difficulty. Some of the goods were removed before the flames gained the ascendancy. In the meantime the Schwenksville Fire Department was making hasty preparations to fight the fire. The firemen were unable, however, to save the burning building from destruction, but their energetic efforts kept the conflagration from igniting other valuable and closely adjacent property. The work they accomplished cannot be underestimated, for it is highly probable that a number of other buildings would have been destroyed had it not been for the well-directed labors of the firemen, with the Howe chemical and water engine. The loss sustained by the firm by the destruction of their building and large stock of store goods, footed up about \$10,000, partially insured. It is the unanimous opinion of Schwenksville people that the fire was started either purposely or through carelessness by thieves. The open front door and safe door furnish strong evidence in support of this theory. While the fire was in progress a pair of horses, hitched to a market wagon, were driven hastily by.

URSINUS COLLEGE NOTES.

A NOSE BROKEN.

The exciting game of foot ball, Monday afternoon, resulted rather seriously to Messrs. Conkle, Smith, and Stecker. These three vigorous ball kickers collided, and all were somewhat injured; but a good deal of the force involved centered on Mr. Conkle's nose, which was broken. Dr. S. B. Horning attended to the injury.

Last Friday night the Lehigh University's Glee, Banjo, and Mandoline Clubs gave a concert in the Opera House at Pottstown. The boxes were draped with colors of the Lehigh University, Bethlehem, the Hill and High Schools of Pottstown and of Ursinus College, and were occupied by the students and friends of the different schools. Those who represented Ursinus were Messrs. Gross, Beyers and Todd, and Messrs. Todd and Stecker.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chins, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. Sold by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa.

FROM EAGLEVILLE.

A promising young man near the village, is of the opinion that marriage is not a failure. He intends to be united ere the next full moon.

The annual meeting of the Lower Providence Live Stock Company will be held next Monday at the Eagleville hotel. Roll call at 10 o'clock.

Supervisor Logan is building a long-needed arch bridge near Mr. Charles Davis' grove.

Mr. John Hendricks, of Schwenksville, has taken possession of the Eagleville store, and we bespeak for him a liberal share of patronage. Z.

FROM LOWER PROVIDENCE.

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICES—A PASTOR INJURED—A RECEPTION.

The congregation of the Lower Providence Baptist church at the close of service, Sunday, unanimously accepted the cordial invitation of their Presbyterian brethren to meet with them on Thanksgiving day for public worship. The service will commence at 10 a. m. in the Lower Providence Presbyterian church. The sermon will be preached by the pastor, Rev. C. R. Brodhead. The Centennial Presbyterian church of Jeffersonville has also been invited, and a full house and a good meeting may be expected.

Rev. Mr. Keeler, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Jeffersonville, was seriously injured at Norristown about three weeks ago. He was thrown from his carriage and sustained an injury to his ankle something in the nature of a severe sprain, which has caused him much suffering. On Sunday he traveled from the parsonage to the church on crutches, aided by a friend on each side of him. Rev. Samuel O. Perry preached at the morning service to a good congregation.

The members of the Lower Providence Baptist church and congregation turned out in force in the afternoon and evening of last Thursday to welcome their pastor, Rev. W. M. Courson and his bride, formerly Miss Thomas of Lewisburg, Pa., recently returned from their wedding tour. The reception was held at the parsonage, which for several hours was a scene of busy activity, and pleasant social intercourse. There were over one hundred members and friends present. The bride and groom received many handsome gifts as well as useful presents, among which were a silver cake dish, two pairs of blankets, an ingrain carpet, four rocking chairs, a large rug and two glass sets. Mr. Courson has a warm place in the hearts of his congregation, who esteem him very highly as a Christian gentleman and an earnest worker in the cause of his Lord and Master. xx.

FROM LIMERICK.

Let us all be thankful.

The down-pour of rain last Friday sadly interfered with the literary meeting in the evening, although several persons from a distance came to attend the meeting, proving that they were not altogether fair weather disciples. The program as announced last week will be rendered on Friday evening of this week, Nov. 25. A full attendance is desired.

Charley Garber, who has been confined to the house with inflammation of the eyes, is also suffering from quinsy.

Ashley T. Miller, oldest son of Chas. T. Miller, of Limerick, will be married this Thanksgiving day to Miss Sallie Isett, daughter of Eli Isett, of East Pikeland, Chester county. Rev. J. Neff will perform the ceremony.

A series of revival meetings will be held in Latsbaw's Hall, Royersford, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., from December 4 to 13. These meetings will be in charge of Rev. W. J. Minchin, a successful evangelist. All the different denominations are expected to participate in these services.

Messrs. Welsh and Shellenberger, of Ursinus College, took Thanksgiving by the forelock by rusticating at the residence of and sharing in the hospitality of Peter W. Reifsnnyder and family on last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Wm. S. Essick, of Royersford, who feels somewhat elated over the Prohibition gain throughout the State and Nation, as well as the flattering vote cast for him as candidate for Congress on the Prohibition ticket, makes the following prediction: "The Democrats will be wrecked in '96 by refusing to be guided by the Cleveland rudder and thus drift to the extreme reverse of McKinleyism. By that time labor will be no better off than in 1892. Then the Republicans will elect one more President by the skin of their teeth, and in 1900 reform will come, the saloon will go, and the Union will start on an era of peace and prosperity never known before, under the Prohibition banner."

The farm of Martin Rittenhouse, containing 32 acres with improvements, was sold last Saturday, to Harry Deyer and C. Dickinson for \$2200.

Rev. E. Clark Hisselman preached on "The Glorious Gospel" at St. Luke's church, last Sunday, from 1 Tim. 1: 11. Beautiful in its simplicity and encouraging in its meaning. Good news. Glad tidings. Of divine origin. Its very face betrays and its effects declare its divinity. Eminent men have proclaimed it, and our own experience confirms it. Books have been written, beautiful in sentiment and noble in purpose, but the Bible has broader purposes and grander possibilities. It admits of universal application. It raises the inebriate from the ditch and administers to his wants; enters the door of the rich man and makes him a philanthropist; captivates the learned and teaches him wisdom from above; the poor are made rich and heirs of the kingdom. "Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God." Accept it not only by faith and practice, but tell others of the old, old story of Jesus and His Love.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadling, Kinnin & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Chicago, Ill. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. For sale by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa., 75 cents.

NOT BIELA'S COMET.

PROFESSOR BOSS SAYS THE WANDERER IS NOT APPROACHING THE EARTH.

According to Professor Lewis Boss, the widely-known astronomer in charge of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, New York, the public has fallen into serious error in its notion about the comet which is now the popular theme of speculation. Professor Boss has been looking at it very intently for several nights past and has figured out somewhat startling deductions from the data thus secured.

The professor said Sunday night that the comet is not Biela's or even a part of Biela's. According to Professor Boss it traveled for a short time in the path which Biela's name sake used to disport itself, but it has now stopped that practice. The comet, he says, is distant from the earth two hundred and fifty million miles, instead of eleven million miles, as is popularly supposed. The professor says that this estimate is not exact and that he will have to verify it further. But for all practical purposes he thinks it will answer.

The comet is not approaching the earth, either directly or indirectly. On the contrary, it is travelling almost directly away from the earth. This the professor asserts is proven beyond a doubt. In view of these conclusions, the professor adds that there will not be any collision with the earth nor any meteoric displays, nor in fact any celestial exhibition of any sort.

THE CEREAL YIELD OF PENNSYLVANIA SOIL.

MONTGOMERY'S POSITION.

Census Bulletin No. 303, on cereal production in 1889 in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the District of Columbia, shows the following acreage and yield in Montgomery county.

Barley—14 acres, 335 bushels; buckwheat—11 acres, 75 bushels; Indian corn—33,703 acres, 1,270,340 bushels; oats—23,957 acres, 692,293 bushels; rye—14,782 acres, 184,341 bushels; wheat—22,286 acres, 435,379 bushels.

Ten counties had a greater acreage of corn than had Montgomery, twenty yielded more oats, five exceeded in the acreage of rye and twenty three raised more wheat.

The county producing the greatest quantity of wheat was Lancaster, 111,662 acres, 2,252,590 bushels. Berks was the greatest rye-producing county, yielding 387,911 bushels from 31,688 acres. The same county is at the head of the list in oats, the yield being 1,193,747 bushels from 48,806 acres. The high corn yield was in Lancaster, with 81,949 acres in tassel, producing 3,260,180 bushels.

Bradford county has a safe majority on the score of buckwheat. The yield of buckwheat in Bradford was 506,412 bushels from 30,099 acres, more than three times as much as was produced by any other county except Tioga, where the yield was 300,206 bushels. The totals for the State are as follows: Barley, 20,950 acres, 493,893 bushels. Buckwheat, 120,488 acres, 3,069,717 bushels. Indian corn, 1,252,369 acres, 42,318,274 bushels. Oats, 1,310,197 acres, 3,619,409 bushels. Rye, 336,041 acres, 3,712,164 bushels. Wheat, 1,318,472 acres, 21,590,493 bushels.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look. If your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look, and if your kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. E. C. Bitters is the great alternative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Bells and gives a good complexion. Sold at W. Culbert's Drug Store. 50c. per bottle.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Upper Providence Live Stock Insurance Association will be held at J. W. S. Gross' Collegeville Hotel on MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1892. The Board will meet at 10 o'clock, a. m. The meeting of members for the election of officers will be held from 1 to 3 p. m. By order of JOHN D. SAYLOR, President. 24th.

JOHN WAXNER, Secretary.

The Old Reliable

Jewelry Store

R. H. Kline,

ESTABLISHED IN SPRING CITY 1863.

OUR STOCK

For the Holidays

Has Never Been Larger.

Goods of the Latest Styles and Most Reliable Makes.

Ladies' Gold and Silver Jewelry, Gents' Scarf Pins, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Vest Chains, Society Pins, Chains and Lockets, Children's Pins.

In Watches we have the finest selection to be had in Gold, Silver, and Silverware of all reliable American makes.

Silverware, Clocks & Bronzes.

Every article we sell is guaranteed to be as represented.

EYES EXAMINED FREE.

Our experience in fitting spectacles is widely known and in every way satisfactory, as we guarantee every pair.

FRANK KLINE, OPTICIAN, Graduate New York School of Optics.

Don't forget the place.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

R. H. KLINE,

13 N. Main Street, 24th.

SPRING CITY, PA.

Schissler Colleges

Business and Shorthand

NORRISTOWN, PA.

ABRAHAM TRUNK BUILDING.

Full Term opened Aug. 29, 1892.

Thorough training in all mercantile pursuits.

Day and Night Sessions.

Graduates of both sexes assisted to positions.

Enrollment can be made at any time.

For Prospects and particulars, address A. J. SCHISLER, President.

PARAGRAPHS YOU'LL READ.

Among the highest class visitors who have recently arrived in this country, attention should be called to Mme. Anna Batallard, of France, who is 7 feet 10 inches high and weighs 210 pounds. Her dear little feet are 16 inches long.

One of the gorgeous mysteries of the times and which is sending thousands of sad and sorrowing husbands to their premature graves is the endeavor to find out how a milliner can take 37 cents' worth of flowers, lace, ribbons and trappings, and in a quarter of an hour's time build them into a \$12 bonnet which shall be a joy forever to its lucky purchaser.

Catarh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.

RAILROADS.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk	6:27 a. m.
Accommodation	8:02 a. m.
Market	12:30 p. m.
Accommodation	4:13 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Milk	7:53 a. m.
Accommodation	9:02 a. m.
Market	12:30 p. m.
Accommodation	5:46 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk	6:36 a. m.
Accommodation	8:40 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation	7:54 a. m.
Milk	5:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

SHORT AND DIRECT ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, THE SOUTH AND WEST.

On and after Nov. 15, 1892,

TRAINS LEAVE COLLEGEVILLE

(Via Perkiomen R. R., connecting at Perkiomen Junction) as follows:

For Philadelphia—week days, 6:27, 8:02, a. m., 1:02, 4:13, p. m. Sundays, 6:36, a. m., 4:30, p. m.
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For New York—week days, 6:27, 8:02, a. m., 1:02, 4:13, p. m. Sunday, 6:36, a. m., 4:30, p. m.

For Phoenixville, Pottsville and Reading—week days, 8:02, a. m., 4:13, p. m. Sunday, 6:36, a. m., 4:30, p. m.

Trains for Baltimore, Washington, the South and West, via R. & O. R. R., leave Grand Avenue Station (P. & R. R.) at 3:50, 8:01, 11:27, a. m., 3:56, 5:42, 7:16, p. m. Sundays, 3:50, 8:01, 11:27, a. m., 3:56, 5:42, 7:16, p. m.
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ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Week days—Express, 9:00 a. m., 2:00, 4:00, 5:00 p. m. Accommodation, 8:00 a. m., 5:45 p. m. Sunday—Express, 9:00 a. m. Accommodation, 8:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Returning, leave ATLANTIC CITY Depot, corner of Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues:
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Week days—Express, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00 a. m., and 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 8:10 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.
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Sunday—Express, 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

C. G. HANCOCK, General Manager.

I. A. SWIGARD, General Manager.

Week days—Express, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00 a. m., and 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 8:10 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Sunday—Express, 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

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Week days—Express, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00 a. m., and 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 8:10 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Sunday—Express, 4:00 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

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CARE OF DAIRY COWS.

In this age of "new fangled notions," farmers as well as others are liable to go to extremes. It is quite common for dairymen to milk their cows until they calve, never letting them go dry at all. I am inclined to think it a poor practice and contrary to nature. I do not believe there is anything gained by so doing. It is impossible to cheat nature. A cow that has given milk for eight or ten months needs a period of rest in order to recruit her vital forces and get ready for another "campaign." No matter how well a cow is fed, she needs this vacation and it pays in the long run to allow it. Cows that are kept quiet, humored a good deal, and never worried nor frightened, are the ones that pay the best.

Some cows will bear high feeding and others will not. There is but little danger of being too careful in this important branch of dairy work. The Jersey cow, while yielding more butter according to the number of quarts of milk, has rather a delicate constitution. Since winter dairying became fashionable, cows have been put to very severe tests in regard to feeding. A more natural method would be better. More bulky food and less Indian meal would be preferable. Pumpkins are good and sweet apples are very valuable for feeding to milk cows. Raw potatoes are not specially valuable for a cow giving milk, but if dairymen would give their cows two or three "feeds" of half a peck each, just before they calve in the winter time, they would have less trouble with cows not "doing well."

Dairying has become one of the great industries. Good butter and cheese are very important factors in the affairs of dairy life. Some people think that all Jersey cows produce yellow butter, but it is a great mistake. They vary in this respect as well as those of other breeds, but their butter is apt to be finer grained and more compact than that of other breeds. Cows are not selling very high, but the dairy prospects for the coming winter are good here.—*German town Telegraph.*

A good hog should have a dished face and be free from bristles. It should, above all, have a good appetite, which can be best promoted by a variety of food.

Every pound lost by an animal will entail a loss, not only of flesh, but of the time required to regain it. An animal is not profitable unless it is producing something or making a gain.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

From One Who Suffered.

SCOTTSDALE, Pa., March 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—From a growing girl, I suffered with female trouble or weakness peculiar to my sex.

I doctored with several different physicians, but found no relief. Was so reduced in strength and flesh, that I weighed but 68 lbs. I chanced to learn of the wonderful cures Dr. David Kennedy's

Mrs. Carrie Bouton. Favorite Remedy was performing, and tried it. The first bottle produced marked improvement. After taking five bottles, I was almost a well woman and weighed 121 lbs.

"JUST THINK OF IT MY SISTERING SISTERS," such a gain in weight and better in health than I ever was. It is my desire to tell every woman in the world who suffers from any of the complaints common to our sex, of the benefit and cure to be derived from the use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

If you have chronic weakness, bearing down, uterine catarrh, suppressed or painful periods, suspicious growths, disposed to tumor or cancer, or hemorrhages, suffer from painful or irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, or irregular monthly sickness, falling of the womb or change of life, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the only help for you; it has cured thousands when all else has failed. Ladies, don't be discouraged and give up in despair, good health and long life can be gained by using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Price, \$1 a bottle.

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MUTTON,—

Wm. J. THOMPSON, LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

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Department of Agriculture.

BARNYARDS.

Barnyards, as usually arranged, are about twice the size needed for economical saving of manure, and that should be a consideration of vital interest. As generally managed, very much of the accumulations of barnyard manure, left exposed to the elements while in the yard, are reduced in value, in consequence of the exposure, or from being scattered thinly over too large an area, and trampled into the soil during inclement weather. There is often connected with a barnyard a lane that leads back to other fields of the farm, or to a creek where the stock obtain their water supply. To this lane the stock often have free access, and wander up and down this avenue hundreds of times each winter, to pick a little grass that may be exposed along the fences, sometimes because they are driven there by their stronger companions, or to run themselves during pleasant weather, or simply to exercise the freedom offered them. Many dollars' worth of the most concentrated farm fertilizer is thereby lost to the farm each year, and to all the remedy is plain and simple. Instead of throwing the manure from the stables out under the drippings of the eaves, it should be thrown under a permanent or temporary shelter, and hauled to the field at any time, winter or spring, and placed in heaps over the surface of the farm. There should be sufficient shed room or a basement commodious enough to shelter all the stock comfortably, and keep them spending most of the winter under said shelter. A barnyard large enough for the straw stack and a fifteen foot space around that, before the fences or buildings are reached, is of sufficient dimensions for all practical purposes. When buildings do not border on the yard a high tight board fence should be constructed, to act as wind break, and prove a grateful shelter for the stock, saving both feed and manure.—*American Agriculturist.*

The German farmers of Pennsylvania have extremely healthy apple trees by washing the bark with lime.

Gardeners around New York apply 70 or 80 tons of fresh manure per acre, and three-quarters of one ton of mixed commercial fertilizer in addition, and expect about 50 tons of early cabbage.

Change of color in the fruit, the readiness of the stalk to part from its branch on gently raising the fruit, the ripening of worm-eaten specimens, are the signs which indicate the proper season of gathering pears.

A cheap paint can be made by adding coloring matter to crude petroleum. The red oxide of iron is a cheap coloring material, half a pound with one gallon of crude petroleum answering well for outbuildings.

The best of all insecticides, and perhaps the most expensive, however, is made by filtering one gallon of kerosene through one and a half pounds of pyrethrum (insect powder). It is deadly to all kinds of insects and parasites.

Cornfodder is a valuable crop, although neglected, much of it being allowed to waste in the fields. An acre of cornfodder contains twice as much digestible matter as an acre of clover or timothy, and it will give excellent results if kept in a bright and clean condition.

Here is a suggestion worth considering: To a heavy farm gate an old axle is nailed, with one wheel left on. When the gate is opened or closed, the weight rests on the wheel, which carries it back and forth with half the strength required to move an ordinary heavy gate.

If you must have a swill barrel to take the waste from the house for the pigs, have two, and see that one is emptied and has a little chance to sweeten up while the contents of the other are being used. This will go far towards keeping off the hog cholera, or at least the diarrhoea, which is often only a result of feeding partly decomposed swill.

In a lecture by Henry Talcott, he says: "It is clearly the best policy of agriculture to endeavor to mold all parties in the interests and good graces of agriculture. This is the true mission and practical working of the Grange. To attempt party organization of farmers alone against the world looks supremely silly. He can never prosper upon the ashes of other human industries. The Grange so views the matter, and governs her line of action according."

The moment a man keeps one cow to produce the same amount of butter two cows did before, he makes nearly a clean profit on the keep of one cow. The gross amount of butter is not increased, but the gross profit is. This is a consideration of economy that we have been struggling long to get our readers to adopt. "Less cows and better ones" should be the motto of every man who wants to make the largest profit possible on his business.—*Board's Dairyman.*

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An Invigorating Tonic for strengthening the weak, purifying the blood, clearing the complexion and imparting the rose bloom of health to the cheek. Pleasant to the taste and a favorite with ladies. \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Almanac for 1893 with Storm Calendar and Weather Forecasts by Rev. J. B. H. Minor, ready Sept. 1, 1892. Published free to all dealers who sell our medicines. Ask your druggist for one or send a two-cent stamp to

The Dr. J. H. McLean Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, NORRISTOWN, NOV. 5th, 1892.

All persons concerned either as heirs, creditors or otherwise, are hereby notified that the accounts of the following named persons have been also filed and filed in my office, on the date to each separately as follows: and the same will be presented to the Orphans Court of said county, on MONDAY, the 12th of December, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for confirmation, at which time and place they may attend if they think proper.

Sept. 27. ADAMS. First and final account of Rachel Britton, administratrix of Samuel Britton, late of Upper Providence.

Oct. 31. BOYER. First account of Edmund Y. Geiger, guardian of William Henry Boyer, a minor.

Nov. 3. BISHOP. First and final account of John Faber Miller, trustee appointed by the Orphans Court to sell the real estate of Jacob Bishop, late of Springfield, pursuant to proceedings in partition.

Nov. 3. BITTING. First and final account of Geo. W. Shriver, executor of Elizabeth Bitting, late of Springfield, dec'd.

Sept. 8. BARNETT. First and final account of George Barnett, administratrix of Ellen Barnett, late of Lower Merion, dec'd.

Sept. 14. BARNETT. First and final account of Christian Wisner, guardian of Daniel H. Buckwalter, a minor.

Sept. 19. BOWERS. First account of Jacob Y. Leidy, guardian of David Bowers, a minor child of George Bowers, dec'd.

Oct. 15. CUSTER. First and final account of Montague Evans, guardian of H. Irwin Custer, a minor.

Oct. 25. CRANKSHAW. First account of David H. Crankshaw, late of the borough of Conshohocken, deceased.

Sept. 16. COLVOR. First and final account of Rich and C. McMartin, executor of Ann C. Colton, late of Jenkintown, dec'd.

Sept. 25. CLYMER. First and final account of Josephine Clymer, administratrix of Henry C. Clymer late of Lansdale, dec'd.

Nov. 4. DETTRA. The second and final account of Augustus Dettra, John Dettra and Ambrose Dettra, executors of John H. Dettra, dec'd.

Sept. 12. EBBY. First and final account of Jacob Craft, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Martin Ebb, late of Norristown, dec'd.

Oct. 29. EDWARDS. First and final account of John W. Bickel, executor of Catharine Edwards, late of Whitpain, dec'd.

Sept. 6. FLECK. First and final account of George Fleck, executor of Benjamin W. Fleck, late of Jenkintown, dec'd.

Nov. 8. FRY. First account of Isaac Warner as trustee of the estate of Aaron H. Frantz, late of Perkiomen, dec'd.

Oct. 31. GODSHALK. The final account of Andrew L. Godshalk, guardian of Charles B. Godshalk, a minor.

Oct. 10. HAGY. First account of Lewis Y. Hagy, executor of Samuel Hagy, late of Plymouth, dec'd.

Oct. 10. HALLEMAN. First and final account of Sarah Hallman, administratrix of Alfred Halleman, late of Limerick, dec'd.

Nov. 1. HUGHES. First and final account of Mary Hughes, executrix of William T. Hughes, late of Norristown.

Nov. 1. HUNLEY. First and final account of Josephine H. Randolph, administratrix of Gynthis Hunley, late of Norristown.

Oct. 31. HOWARD. Account of Edwin H. Faust, administrator of Theodore Howard, late of Ambler, dec'd.

Oct. 14. HUELMAN. First account of Katharine Heilmann, executrix of John Heilmann, late of Lower Merion.

Nov. 5. JONES. First and final account of Henry Jones, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Peter Jones, late of Norristown.

Oct. 26. KIMBLE. First and final account of Samuel J. Garner, administrator of Isaiah Kimble, late of Morland.

Nov. 3. LINTON. First account of Thomas Thomson, guardian of Frank Dickinson, a minor.

Oct. 15. LEISTER. First and final account of Henry F. Leister, executor of David M. Leister, late of New Hanover.

Oct. 17. MCKINSTRY. First account of Jos. W. Hollowell, guardian of Frank Dickinson, a minor.

Oct. 21. MARVEL. First and final account of Charles Foster, executor of Peter Marvel, late of Norristown.

Sept. 14. MACCHERY. First and final account of Alexander Macchery, administrator of Joseph Macchery, late of Norristown, dec'd.

Sept. 14. MALSHUBER. First and final account of d. b. n. c. t. a. of Mary Malshuber, late of Pottsville, dec'd.

Oct. 14. MAREN. The account of Jane E. Maren, administratrix of Alfred V. Maren, late of Lower Merion, dec'd.

Oct. 6. NENEMAKER. First and final account of Garrett L. Hunsaker, guardian of Nellie Nennemaker, a minor child of Neuben Nennemaker, who has attained the age of 21 years.

Oct. 29. OGDEN. First and final account of J. M. Groves and Henry Ogdin, executors of James Ogdin, late of Morland.

Sept. 12. PERRY. First and final account of William E. Perry, trustee appointed by the Orphans Court of Montgomery county to sell real estate of Robert Perry, late of Norristown, dec'd.

Sept. 15. PEACOCK. First and final account of John S. Peacock, executor of Joseph T. Peacock, late of Lower Merion, dec'd.

Nov. 4. QUEVELE. First and final account of J. B. Lazzere, Jr., administrator of Caroline F. Quevele, late of Jenkintown, dec'd.

Oct. 25. RUTENBUSH. First and final account of William Rutenbush, administrator of Maria Rutenbush, late of Pottsville.

Oct. 25. RUTENBUSH. First and final account of R. Z. Akerfer, executor of Hannah Reider, late of Lower Merion, dec'd.

Nov. 1. REED. First account of William A. Reed, administrator of Eliza J. Reed, late of Lower Merion, dec'd.

Nov. 1. ROGERS. First and final account of Henry A. Rogers, administrator of Chester C. Rogers, a minor.

Nov. 3. ROELLER. First and final account of Henry J. Johnson, guardian of Oswin M. Roeller, a minor.

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We are positively the only HAT Manufacturers in Norristown, and carry a large variety of all the leading fall styles. We will make any style to order and guarantee to fit any shape head. We have a sample of Sherman's \$4 and Dunlap \$5 hats and welcome anyone to compare them with our \$2.50 hats.

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Prices start at \$1.25 with jumping-off places all along the road till you reach \$6.00. Dozens of styles at every jump. If you wish to see everything in trouserdom, stop here.

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Trousers that formerly sold at \$2.00 now go at \$1.25.

Trousers that formerly sold for \$2.50 now go at \$1.50.

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